

BOTH DEAD SIDE BY SIDE.

Robert Fair Shoots His
Wife and Sends a Bul-
let in His Heart.

HE WAS A SLAVE TO DRINK.

Bric-a-Brac Scattered About
and the Furniture Was
Overturned.

HAD ASSAULTED HIS WIFE.

The Lighted Gas Aroused the Sus-
picion of a Woman, Who Discov-
ered the Double Tragedy.

Robert Fair, an insurance solicitor, of whose antecedents family connections but little is known, shot and killed his pretty young wife some time between 9 o'clock and midnight last night, and then turning the weapon upon himself ended his life.

No one heard the shots, nor did any person know of the double tragedy until shortly before 11 o'clock this morning, when the housekeeper, Mrs. Julia Darmstadt, found the bodies side by side.

The Fairs lived in the first flat on the third story of the building at the northeast corner of Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. The entrance is from 301 East Thirty-fourth street.

The Fairs, as a rule, were awake and astir early each morning, and at 10:30 o'clock A. M. to-day, when Mrs. Darmstadt saw the gas burning through the glass panels of the door and heard no sign of life, she unlocked the parlor door and entered.

She had forebodings, but didn't dream of the terrible sight that confronted her. Fair had been drinking very hard of late, and during the last two or three weeks acted like one bereft of senses. He was a man of retiring disposition, seldom holding communication with any of the other tenants. His demeanor was such as to hold the neighbors at a respectful distance, and none of them attempted to draw him into a "palaver" talk. Hence it is that no one in the house knows anything about him or of his family or domestic relations.

Of the latter, however, there is good reason to suspect that all was not harmonious, for on more than one occasion loud voices in angry controversy were heard, and once Mrs. Fair complained of having been assaulted by her husband and threatened to invoke the protection of the police.

When, this morning, Mrs. Darmstadt

observed the gaslights burning in the Fairs' flat she remarked it was something unusual. She suspected Fair had gone to bed intoxicated and had not recovered from the stupor. So, when she entered and found the furniture scattered about and the floors littered with broken pictures, framed and unframed, bric-a-brac she hesitated before proceeding beyond the doorway.

She overcame the feeling of repugnance and walked through the wreckage to the kitchen, where she saw the two bodies.

The wife was dressed in a street costume, just as last seen alive. She lay with her head near the kitchen range, and her husband, her slayer, was across her legs, face turned upward. He, too, was fully dressed.

A single glance convinced Mrs. Darmstadt of the terrible facts. She knew from the open, glassy eyes and distorted and discolored features that both were dead, although she saw no blood.

She retained her self-possession and coolly walked downstairs into the dental parlors of Dr. Stewart, who she told of the fearful discovery. It was all over so quietly that not even the families on the floors above or below knew about it until after the police came to take possession of the flat.

Then all was excitement, but it soon subsided, and a half hour later one suspect that the evidences of a tragedy were almost within sight.

Fair and his wife, it was learned, had occupied the flat continuously for nearly seven years. They lived, the neighbors say, happily or apparently so, until within the last year. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, about thirty-five years old, and of fine physique. He had light brown hair and a heavy blonde moustache, and blue eyes. He always dressed well.

Mrs. Fair, although but little was seen of her, was well thought of by the tenants. She was of about medium height, with heavy dark-brown hair, gray eyes and a most attractive figure. She had little to say to any one, but was always polite and indulgent.

The only person in the house with whom either of the Fairs was on terms approaching familiarity was Dr. Stewart.

"Fair often called on me," said Dr. Stewart this afternoon, "and talked about matters in general. He wrote a policy on my furniture, and told me he was agent for the Metropolitan, New York Life, the John Hancock Mutual Life of Boston, the Liverpool and Globe Fire and other fire and life insurance companies. He said he averaged from \$150 to \$200 a week when he attended strictly to business."

From other sources it was learned that during the last year Fair had met with reverses. Last winter he was prostrated from an attack of the grip and since then had done little business, spending his time and savings in neighboring rooms.

Mrs. Stewart thought his mind was affected, and others who saw him often agreed in this opinion. But he never showed a tendency to violence, nor did he ever mention his wife's name to any one. Few in the neighborhood knew that he was married or where he lived.

About four months ago, because of his unsteady habits, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company refused to allow him to write any more policies. He

had, so he stated, made about \$50 a week from this company and the loss seemed to weigh upon him heavily. He began to drink all the harder, despite the remonstrances of his wife and Dr. Stewart. Gradually the other companies discarded him, until he had only one company, the John Hancock, to depend upon. He squandered his money in drink and Mrs. Fair began to want for necessities. All her pleadings to her husband to reform were in vain.

A month ago Mrs. Fair rushed into Dr. Stewart's office. Her face was bleeding and her clothing was torn. She said her husband had beaten her, and she begged him to tell the police. The doctor refused until she declared her husband had threatened her life. Then he went to the station-house. No complaint was taken because Mrs. Fair refused to appear.

Once afterwards she told Dr. Stewart Fair had beaten her, but again she refused to have him arrested. She was advised that in his state of mind he might do her greater harm, but she said she could not think of putting him jail.

Last Saturday, after a wordy quarrel, Mrs. Fair left the flat. During the night and Sunday the husband was heard throwing things about and smashing the chairs and bric-a-brac. One night, when Mrs. Fair returned, the flat was a scene of confusion and she was afraid to go to her room.

It is not known whether the boy got in or not. Nothing more was seen of her until last night at 9 o'clock. She went to Mrs. Lee, a neighbor, and told her she was afraid to go to her room.

"Oh, I'll wait here until you get in," said Mrs. Lee, and she waited for half an hour. Hearing no disturbance, Mrs. Lee thought the couple had made up and went to her own flat.

About 11 o'clock James Gold told Mrs. Lee that he heard some one cry "Murder." He couldn't tell where the cry came from—the house or from the street.

At all events no one heard any pistol shots, nor any disturbance, unless, perhaps, young Gold, during the night. Corner Dobbie after examining the bodies, said he thought both had been dead since midnight.

Mrs. Fair was shot through the left temple and he in the heart. A hole was burnt through the coat, vest and shirt, and the muzzle of the revolver was pressed. There were no powder marks upon Mrs. Fair's head, and it is believed he shot her from across the room in the parlor, that she ran into the kitchen, where she fell dead, and then he stood over the dead body and killed himself.

Fair, it is said, came here from Galway, Ireland, twelve years ago; just after being married. His wife, according to a statement made by herself a few months ago, was a daughter of a contractor named O'Flaherty. She was a school teacher and well educated.

The only relative seen in this country, so far as known, is a sister, who lives in East Ninety-third street.

Fair, it is said, was a Protestant, and born in the North of Ireland. His father or uncle was a clergyman.

The only full accounts of the base-ball game given in "THE EVENING WORLD" NIGHT EXTRA, issued immediately after the last play has been made.

KILLED FIVE INDIANS.

Ranchmen Have a Battle with
Yanquis in Mexico.

HERMOSILLO, Mex., Sept. 25.—Information reaches here of a fight between a scouting party of ranchmen and a band of twenty Yaqui Indians in the mountains southeast of here.

The Indians had been making attacks upon the ranches of the stockmen and had burned a number of ranch buildings and driven off several hundred head of stock.

The ranchmen organized a party, went in pursuit and came upon them in the mountains. They fired upon the Indians and the latter stood their ground. The battle was a hand-to-hand combat, and resulted in the killing of five Indians and the wounding of several others. Three ranchmen were killed and five wounded.

NOGAL, Ariz., Sept. 25.—Word from Guaymas, Sonora, the intelligence that in the Yaqui River Valley, in the southern part of the Mexican State of Sonora, Gen. Tiburcio Otero, a retired officer of the Mexican army, was yesterday afternoon shot and killed by a Yaqui Indian.

He was taken to Crete, and by a special train on the Sonora railway taken into the city of Guaymas for treatment.

TRIED TO ROB AND KILL.

Yet Mrs. French Forgave the Man
Because He Was Hungry.

There was a scene of wild excitement on the platform at the Eighth street station of the Sixth avenue "L" last evening when a pickpocket attempted to rob Mrs. Anna French, of 256 West Ninety-fourth street.

Her husband was in front of her, and hearing her screams, rushed to her aid. The thief was more than a match for him, however, and threw him to the ground under the cars of a train just starting.

The station was crowded at the time and many were watching with interest the scene that was being enacted. A guard, however, held him by the coat collar until the train was started.

The thief was captured and gave the name of John Bonnett, aged thirty, of East Thirty-sixth street. He was taken to the police station and charged with attempted robbery and assault.

Mrs. French, who lives with her widowed mother next door, said she was almost frightened to death.

Mrs. Marie Agnes Kelly, who owns the house in which Mrs. French lives, stated that not long ago the baker in front of her had been shot and killed.

PASTOR TACKLES THIEVES.

He Fought Bravely, but Was Badly
Beaten and Cut.

SOUTHINGTON, Conn., Sept. 25.—The Rev. Thomas C. Hanna, the young pastor of the Second Baptist Church, was awakened at 4 o'clock this morning by some one moving around his room.

He arose and discovered two men

making for the window. He grappled with them and was thrown heavily against a marble statue, but finally downed one of his antagonists.

The other came to his aid, assisted by a knife. Mr. Hanna grasped the burglar recovered it and stabbed Mr. Hanna twice, once in the right arm, and again in the face near the left eye.

The burglars then fled. Mr. Hanna was taken to the hospital and is now recovering. His wounds are not necessarily fatal, though disfiguring and very painful.

A POLICEMAN MURDERED.

Officer Delahanty Dies from a Recent Assault.

Policeman John F. Delahanty, of the East Thirty-fourth street station, who was assaulted about midnight last Monday at Thirty-fourth street and Second avenue by William Coleman, died in Bellevue Hospital at noon to-day.

Delahanty was twenty-seven years and resided at 216 East One Hundred and Fourth street.

NICE FALL WEATHER.

Sergt. Dunn Says It Will Tarry for
a Few Days.

"This is good fall weather," Sergt. Dunn said this morning, "and it will probably remain with us a few days. There is a small storm in the West, principally the Mississippi Valley, and with this exception it is generally fair over the entire country."

There was a light frost over the northwestern part of the State this morning, and it is becoming slightly warmer over the Central States, where the temperature has risen about fourteen degrees. Along the Atlantic States it is about the same as yesterday. There are no storms in sight, and conditions are favorable for generally fair weather up to Thursday evening.

It may be cloudy and foggy along the coast, but not to any great extent. The temperature will be stationary to-day and a trifle higher to-morrow.

Weather Forecast.

Forecast for thirty-six hours ending 8 P. M. Thursday: For New York City and vicinity.

Clear, with light winds, ending 8 P. M. Thursday: For New York City and vicinity.

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Generally fair to-day and on Thursday, except light fog along the coast; stationary temperature; westerly winds.

The following record shows the change in the temperature for the morning hours, as indicated by the thermometer at Perry's Pharmacy: A. M. 54.4 A. M. 53.9 A. M. 54.15 M. 57.1

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CHIFFON RUFFS AND

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Oak Chamber Suits - - - - - 7.75

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\$1.50 WEEK ON \$100.00 WORTH.

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At the urgent request of many visitors to our

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